THE CHARACTER OF AN *Ill-Court-Favourite*, &c.

THE CHARACTER OF AN Ill-Country-Parson, &c.

THE

CHARACTER

OF AN

Ill-Court-Favourite:

Repreſenting the

MISCHIEFS

That flow from

Miniſters of State

When they are

More Great than Good,

The Arts they uſe to Seduce their Maſters, and the Unhappineſs of Princes, that are Curs'd with ſuch Deſtructive Servants.

Read.

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THE CHARACTER OF AN *Ill--Court--Favourite*:

Repreſenting the

MISCHIEFS

That flow from

Miniſters of State,

When they are more Great than Good, &c.

HE that ſtands by and obſerves the *ſupple* Addreſſes and *ſedulous* Applications of *Courtiers*, how greedily Men, reputed *wiſe*, ſell their Liberties, and ſacrifice their Time, with what *Patience* they undergo *Attendance* more grievous than the Toil of *Algier-Gally-Slaves*, or *Popiſh Pilgrimages*, will be ready to imagine, that it muſt needs be ſome *wondrous Myſtery*, which deſerves ſuch Superſtition; nor can

can expect leſs than the *Philoſophers-Stone*, where he ſees ſo many *Furnaces* ſet on work, and ſo rare *Alchymiſts* engag'd.

If he caſt but a ſuperficial Eye on the *lofty Flights* of the *Favourites* of *Princes*, how in Effect they manage all the *Reins* of the Common-Wealth, tho' their Maſters ſit in the *Saddle*; how they give *Laws* to the People, by recommending *Judges*; nay biaſs *Religion* it ſelf, by beſtowing *Eccleſiaſtical Dignities* and the *fatteſt Benefices*; and make the braveſt *Sword-Men* kiſs their Feet, ſince they can neither get, nor hold any *Command* of Honour or Profit, but through their *good Graces*.

He, I ſay, that remarks all this, and alſo how their ſeeming Virtues, and perhaps but imaginary Abilities, are *magnify'd* and *multiply'd*, and even their Errors with Veneration conceal'd, extenuated, or juſtify'd, with what Eaſe they trample upon their Adverſaries, and prefer their *Dependants*; how can he refrain from drawing at ſo tempting a *Lottery*, or eſcape thoſe delicious *Charms*, which would almoſt delude a *Stoick*, to miſtake ſuch a Fortune for his *Summum Bonum*.

But alas! theſe are only *Outſides* to amuſe the Ignorant, theſe ſtately *Scutcheons* ſerve but to hide a *dead Corpſe*, and theſe excellent Odours to perfume a *Sepulchre*; The Factions, wherewith every Court and State is perpetually pregnant; the *Envy* and *Emulation*, which, though not ſo loud, is yet perhaps *fiercer* than open War; the Spies, which (like Eunuchs in *Turky*) are there ſet upon all Mens Actions, and the *ſlippery Paths* on which they walk; the *keen* and peſti-

peſtilent Slanders againſt which Innocency it ſelf is ſcarce *Armour of Proof*: Theſe and a Thouſand other Inconveniencies are not preſently diſcover'd; and indeed, 'tis perhaps fit they ſhould be concealed, leſt otherwiſe Men of Sence and Integrity *avoid Courts*, as Perſons in Debt do *Priſons*, and dread Greatneſs like *Infection*.

Which would yet be more apprehended, if they could have either the *Prudence* or *Leiſure* to reflect, how many Perſons, that in a private Station were *honeſt*, *juſt* and *reſolute Patriots*, when once preferred to the Misfortune of being *Great*, have abandon'd all Thoughts of the publick Weal: Their Integrity retired to give Place to their *Fortune*; too rank *Preferment* ſtifled their *Honeſty*, and thence forward they aim'd only to advance their own *narrow Intereſt*, and blow ſhort-liv'd *Sparks* to warm their *private Fingers* out of the *publich-Aſhes* of their ruin'd Country.

Their *Innocency* laſts ſcarce ſo long at Court, as the firſt Man's did in the *Terreſtrial Paradice*: Though they were not *wicked* before, yet they believe they ought to become *So*; and therefore as the fooliſh *Wiſeman* of old flung all his *Goods into the Sea*, that he might more freely *Philoſophize*, they reſolve to rid themſelves of their *Conſciences*, that with leſs *Encumbrance* they may manage the Affairs of State. They conceit *Pride* neceſſary to ſupport their Dignity; and that, ſhould they not ſwell and look *Big*, their Condition would be nothing chang'd; that Civility would reduce them to that *Equality*, whence they had forc'd themſelves with ſo much Trouble; to avoid *Contempt*, not being able to render themſelves

themſelves *reſpected*, they ſtudy to make themſelves *feared*. They eſteem, that there is no Way left to blot out the Memory of their former Quality, but by the preſent Objects of their Tyranny; and that they ſhall not hinder the People from *Laughing* at their Infirmities, but by imploying them to *weep* for their own *Miſeries*, and complain of their Cruelties.

One would think it *Bedlam-Folly*, that Men, not unacquainted with *Hiſtory*, and ſufficiently warn'd by *Experiences* of their own Times, ſhould adventure on the very ſame *Precipices*, on which, All, that went before them, *broke their Necks*; but we muſt remember, that *Ambition* is as *blind* as *Love*: They (like the famous *fond Philoſopher*) are gazing at *Stars*, till they tumble into the *Ditch*: Their Eyes are always fixt on the *glittering Vanities* above, ſuggeſted by a deluded Imagination, ſo they never look down on the *Wrecks* and *ſhatter'd Fortunes*, and *diſmembred Bodies*, and *forfeited Heads*, and *infamous Memories* of their Predeceſſors. For few have the Wiſdom to foreſee, how hard it is in Greatneſs to purſue *honeſt* and *ſafe* Maxims; what Reſolution is required, for the Potent to be *innocent*; ſordid Intereſts they are forced to eſpouſe, and by what *inſenſible Degrees* they are brought at laſt to ſwallow thoſe Actions and Compliances without Reluctancy, which at firſt they look'd upon with Deteſtation; what long ſince was obſerved of *Sejanus*, holds true of many latter *Tympanies* of *Grandeur*, that their *Favour* is not to be purchaſed without ſome notable *Crime*; you muſt part with your *Honour*, nay your *Soul*, if you expect Promotion from ſuch Spirits:

Spirits: If this were ſufficiently weigh'd, we may juſtly preſume, ſuch as have a ſtrict Regard to *Honeſty*, would not ſo precipitate themſelves into *publick Affairs*, and ſtand gaping like *greedy Camelions* to be puffed up with the tainted Air of *haughty* and *luxurious Courts*, where Intereſt can ſcarcely be preſerved (unleſs by Miracle) without a Shipwreck of Conſcience.

But (to make our Approaches a little nearer) if it be ſo *tickliſh* a Thing for even a *good Man* to abide long in Honour, without becoming like *the Beaſt that periſheth*, and acting diſhonourable Things; what then ſhall we ſay of thoſe *portentuous Meteors*, that ſometimes *blaze* in that ſuperior Orb, noxious *Exhalations*, drawn up by the *wanton Beams* of Favour, from the *Slime* and *Filth* of the World, and which preſage more *Calamities*, than a *Comet*, to thoſe Nations in which they appear? *Inſolent Giants*! that combate, with diſplay'd Colours, the Authority of the *Fundamental Laws*, and all Methods of *Juſtice*; who in the Government of a State, produce a Deſign form'd for its *Ruin*; who grow *fat* and *burly* from the Juice and Subſtance of exhauſted Provinces; who build their own Houſes with the *Wreck* and Diſſipation of a whole Kingdom. Princes and *great Men* would be happy, if without *dying* by *Proxy*, they could *live in Perſon*: They are born oft Times with excellent Qualities, and are *calm Seas*, fill'd with Riches and Power, that might do good to all the World, if the *Winds* would but let them flow gently according to their own Nature. But as extraordinary *Beauties* are courted by Variety of Lovers, ſo ſuch *exalted Conditions* rarely want

a ſwarm of *Flatterers*, meer *Inſects*, bred out of Putrifaction by the Warmth of *Royal Sunſhine*, that under the Umbrage of *Adorers*, make themſelves *Maſters*, and by a Colour of Service, exerciſe an *Empire* even over thoſe that think they command the *Univerſe*; whoſe *ſacred Names* in ſuch a Caſe, become but a *Paſs-Port* to Miſchiefs; their *Authority*, a Sanctuary to *Crimes*; their *Revenues*, but *Tinder* to Debauchery, and Supplies for *Riot*; their Power, an Inſtrument of *Revenge*, and a Scourge and Plague to thoſe very People whom it ought to cheriſh and protect.

What ſhall we ſay of theſe *inſufferable Grandees*, who reck their *private Spleens*, with the *Hands* and *Arms* of their Maſter? Who declare all thoſe guilty of *High Treaſon*, who do not fall proſtrate before them? who by *fatal Wars* and diſhonourable *Treaties* of Peace, by abandoning the *true Intereſt* of their Country, and playing the *Mountebanks* with the *Body Politick*, till they caſt it at once into a *Fever*, and a *Conſumption*, endeavour all they can to bring the People into *Deſpair*; and would gladly reduce the honeſter Sort of Men to ſo miſerable a Condition, as to be unable to ſave themſelves, but in a *Revolt*; that ſo they may palliate their *own Villanies* by others *forc'd Diſobedience*; and trip off with the Spoils of a Nation in a *general Combuſtion* of their own Kindling?

Obſerve them in *Ancient Hiſtory* (for meddle not with our Times) they firſt ruin the People, and then, if not themſelves, their Maſters, and many Times bring Deſtruction on all Three. Their Courſes are all violent and domineering

mineering, they own no Laws, but Will and Pleaſure; their Space is always *Full-Speed*, they whip and laſh like Maſters of a *Bridewell*, rather than Perſons intruſted with the Governance of Freemen: All to them is *Plunder*, all is *Prey*: They cannot feed but on *dead Bodies*; they firſt *riſle the Ship* they ſail in, and then wilfully *ſtrand her*, to conceal their own *Robberies*: Tho' they came only out of the *Dirt*, and to ſpeak truly, are of *Kin* to no Body, yet they believe themſelves the Heirs of all the *World*; there is no *Officer* of the Crown, no *Governor* of a Place, whoſe Succeſſion they do not pretend unto; they think they are not in Safety, ſo long as their is any Man in Credit or Authority, that is not a *Creature* of their own raiſing.

Such People commonly introduce themſelves by *low Means*, and for the moſt Part, ſuch as are *diſhoneſt and vile*; they not ſeldom owe the Commencement of their Fortune to a *well-danc'd Sarabrand*, to Agility of Body, to the Beauty of their Face, or the Intereſt of a Strumpet: They make themſelves valu'd by *ſhameful ſecret Services*, whoſe Payment is not publickly to be demanded. In a Word, tho' wiſe Antiquity allow'd no Entrance into the Temple of *Honour*, but thro' that of *Virtue*; yet theſe croud themſelves into Credit by the Recommendation of *Vice*, their Crimes, which truly deſerve the *Halter* and the *Ax*, are the *ſole Roundels*, whereby they mount the Ladder of *towring Preferment*.

Nor is their *Progreſs* unſuitable to their *Riſe*; their Deſign being only to make complaiſant

Propoſitions; they enquire not whether they profit, or incommode; if they do but pleaſe 'tis enough. They inſinuate themſelves into their Maſter's Favour, by the Intelligence they endeavour to keep with his *Paſſions*; and having once poſſeſt themſelves of his Mind, they ſeize on all the *Avenues*, and leave not ſo much as an Entrance for his *Great* or *Privy Council*, nay, ſcarce for his *Confeſſor*: How weak and tender ſoever his Inclinations may be to *Evil*, they water and cultivate them with ſo much Art and Diligence, that preſently there ſprings up a *great Tree* from a *little Seed*, and a violent and opinionated *Habit* from a light *Diſpoſition*.

Theſe are the *Petroniuſſes* and the *Tigillinuſſes* about *Nero*; theſe are the *Advocates* of *Voluptouſneſs*, the *Peſt* of a *Realm*, and the *Evil Genii* of Kings.

'Tis incredible to think how many *Charms* they uſe, without imploying thoſe of Magick (of which yet the People forbear not to accuſe them.) How ingenious are they to invent new Pleaſures to a ſated and diſguſted Soul, and with what *pungent Sharpneſs* do they awaken the *ſleeping Luſts*, which languiſh and can no more.

Yet do they not at the firſt Onſet become *abſolute Conquerors*, but for a Time diſpute with Virtue, which ſhall gain the Aſcendent in the Court of a Prince of *Eighteen*; ſometimes ſhe gets the better, ſometimes is repuls'd, ſo that for a ſhort Seaſon there is a divided or alternate *Empire* over his Affections, a Kind of Twylight between Good and Ill, juſt Government and Tyranny

Tyranny *party per Pale*, Projects brave and good are *reſolv'd* upon, but before they can come to *Execution*, the Humour is alter'd, good Councels are *given*, but e'er they take *Impreſſion* on his Mind, a *Debauch* is contriv'd, which daſhes them out of his *Memory*, and they are thought of no more. Honeſt *Burrhus* is *hearken'd* to perhaps; but theſe *Court-Earwigs* will take Care he never ſhall be *believ'd*.

However, thus far, they are like *Seneca's Ballance*, and Things are not yet grown deſperate; but at laſt, they carry away *all before them*: The *Epicure* deſtroys as much in three Days, as the *Stoick* built in five Years: Having undermin'd or ſtorm'd the *Fortreſs*, they by Piecemeals diſmantle it, and undo the whole Frame: They aſſault their *Maſter's* good Parts one after another; from petty *Sallies* of Humour and *ſociable Revels*, and a *refreſhing Glaſs*, and *bluſhing Gallantries*, they lead him on *Step by Step* to the utmoſt Degrees of *Debauchery*, *Adulteries*, *Perjuries*, *Cruelty*, and *Tyranny*.

At firſt they content themſelves to breath in his Ears, that is not neceſſary for a *Prince* to be ſo *preciſely Religious*, ſo *ſtrictly Juſt*, ſo *nicely Temperate*, or ſo very *much an honeſt Man*: That it's ſufficient, if he is *not Wicked*; that *Wine* and *Women* were deſign'd to ſweeten the Toils of *Empire*; and the *Fair* created on Purpoſe for the Diverſion of the *Great*: That he would put himſelf to too much Trouble to make himſelf belov'd; that he only ought to prevent his being *Hated*; or, if that cannot be, to render himſelf *feared*, will do as well: That ſolid and perpetual Probity is too heavy and too difficult, ſince its

its Umbrage and Counterfeit hath no leſs Splendor than the Original, and produceth the ſame *Effects*; that a virtuous Action or two, *kind and popular*, (which is no great Matter of Coſt) beingly fitly perform'd, may ſerve to entertain his Reputaion; nor will they leave him in *ſo fair a Way*; after having made him eſteem *Good*, as an *indifferent* Thing, they make him approv *Ill*, as reaſonable, and afford *Vice* the Colour of *Virtue*, and repreſent thoſe Things, which are the *Shame* of all the Reſt of Mankind, as peculiar *Ornaments* of *Majeſty*.

To authorize his *worſt Actions*, great Examples ſhall not be wanting; they tell him, it is not in *Turky*, and amongſt *Barbarians*, that he is to look for *Precedents*, that all Things are *lawful to the Powerful*, or at leaſt any Thing may be made appear to be ſo to the *Simple*. God's own People, the *Holy Nation* (ſay they) *Sir*, will furniſh you with Inſtances more than enough: That very King that built the *Temple*, was alſo the Founder of a *Seraglio*, and we at this Day ſee at *Conſtantinople* but a Copy of what was formerly to be ſeen at *Jeruſalem*; you content your ſelf, even in the Heat of full Veins and Vigour of Youth, with half a Score, or forty or fifty Women only; whereas he, that was the *wiſeſt Prince* the Earth could ever boaſt of, even the ſuperlative *Solomon*, in his old Age, had *ſix Hundred*, which the Holy Scripture implies to be *Legitimate Wives*, without reckoning thoſe which were his Concubines: And have you not heard of the *laſt Will* of his Father *David*, and of thoſe *gallant* Things he commanded by his *Teſtament*? We ſhall not exaggerate them, only beſeech you

to

to consider, by how *many Deaths* he counselled his Son to secure his *own Life*.

Nay, *Sir*, since the Law of Grace, and amongst *Christian Princes*, you cannot find more *Sweetness*; you are nice perhaps to abandon a *Child*, or stagger to expose a *Son* that never disoblig'd you: But (to omit the Practise of *Mahometans*, and the modern Example of the late most *Catholick King* in the unfortunate Don *Carlos*) the great *Constantine*, that most *holy*, most *religious*, and most *divine* Emperor (as he hath been call'd by the Mouth of *Councils*) did much more than this, for he caus'd his *own Son* to be put to death upon the *first Suspicion*, which was *falsly suggested* to him: 'Tis true, he regretted his Execution, and acknowledg'd his Innocency; but this Acknowledgment came too late, and his Regret lasted but *four and twenty Hours*; he thought himself quit, by causing a *Statute* to be erected in Memory of the *Deceas'd*, with this Inscription, *To my Son* Chrispus, *whom I caus'd to die unjustly*.

Do you reserve your *absolute* Authority: Will you always stand upon *Justice* and *Title*, and vain Punctilio's of *Equity*? Dare you not use *Force* when the Good of your Affairs requires it? The Example of the Mighty *Charlemaign*, who is one of the *Saints* of the Church, as well as one of the *Nine Worthies*, may secure you against all the *Scruples* your Conscience can make; he knew neither a *better*, nor *greater* Right, than that of *Arms*, the *Pommel* of his *Sword* serv'd him for his *Seal* and *Signet*. To this Day there are *Privileges* found granted, and *Donations* of Lands made, by that *good* and *orthodox*

thodox Emperor, *Rowland* and *Oliver* being present, seal'd with the *Pommel*, and which he swore he would warrant with the *Edge* of the same *Sword*.

Would you rule absolutely? At your Pleasure leavy *Taxes*, and dispose of both the *Goods* and *Lives* of your Subjects? You shall therein do nothing *new* or *extraordinary*. All the mighty *Monarchs* of the *East*, have done it these many hundred Years; and the *most Christian King* practises it at this Day. Discover not so much Weakness, as to regard the *Sighs* and *Groans* of your *People*, who are but animated Dirt, pratling Beasts, Creatures design'd to be *Slaves*, as well by *Nature* as *Fortune*: What else are they *born* for, what else are they *good* for, but to be *Instruments* of your *Pleasure*, and *Sacrifices* to your *Glory*? The only Way to preserve your Authority, is to curb the *Vermine*, and keep them miserable. Do they *wince* under your *Rods*? Then scourge them with Scorpions. Are they not your Vassals? Why then do they complain? Shall Slaves be allow'd to *murmur* and *capitulate*? If their *Tears* grow troublesome, wash them away with their *Blood*.

There have been *Favourites*, mention'd in Histories, that have instructed Princes in these and the like *pernicious Lessons*, and being at last tir'd out with defending Crimes, with Precedents, to excuse some new *unparallel'd* Extravagance, they freely have told their Prince, that when their was *no Example* to be found, he might make one; that what had been formerly been *unheard of*, wou'd, being done, cease to be so; that it would be *shameful* for the *Sove-*

reign

raign Authority, to give an Account of any thing it commands; and misbecome him, who hath Armies and Fleets to maintain his Actions, to ſeek Words or Pretences either to diſguiſe or Juſtify them.

There is not a Man (this is the Language of the *Sejanuſſes* and the *Plautuſſes*) innocent in all the Parts of his Life, and who in his Soul *envies* not his Superiors; and whom they envy they hate. Therefore the Prince cannot but condemn the *Guilty*, nor ſtrike any, but his Enemies; conſequently, he gratifies him, whom he bereaves only of his *Goods*, in that he takes not away his Honour, and leaves him his Life. *Honeſty* and *Juſtice* are Virtues proper for Merchants and Lawyers; not for Sovereigns. That to be Slaves to their Words, is to depoſe themſelves, and abandon their Prerogatives.

Thus in a Way of fooling and telling of Fables, they perſwade the Prince, that he is not oblig'd by his Promiſes, nor ought to hearken to the Fancies of Preachers, or Dotages of Legiſlators; but ſtands exempted, by his Quality, from all Laws Divine and Human; nor is obliged by Ties of Juſtice or Prudence: And that it belongs to him *Jure Divino*, to define unto Men what is *Good* and *Ill*; to declare unto the World what for the future he will have to be *Juſt* or *Unjuſt*, as well in *Morality* as *Policy*.

Thus are Tyrants made; and from this Stock Monſters are engender'd; from ſuch Commencements, we come to ſet *Rome* on Fire, to butcher the *Senate*, to diſhonour *Nature* with Debauches, and declare War againſt it by *Parricides*. Theſe wheedling Whiſperers are the firſt

Cauſes of ſo many Miſeries; and did not theſe Winds blow, we ſhould be ſenſible of none of theſe Tempeſts and Hurricanes, able to diſcompoſe the Harmony of the beſt ſettl'd Governments in the World.

Wherefore, ſince in the whole Bulk of ſublunary Beings, there is no *Good*, of ſo great Uſe, and which ſo univerſally communicates it ſelf, as a *good Prince*; nor any *Ill*, which diſperſeth it it ſelf further, or is more pernicious than a *bad one*: Can there be any Puniſhments great enough in all the Extent of human Juſtice, for thoſe who change this Good into Ill; who corrupt ſo ſalutiferous and ſo excellent a Thing? They had far better have poiſon'd all the Wells and all the Fountains in their Countries; nay, ſhould they infect the Rivers themſelves, Water might be gotten from elſewhere, even Heaven would ſtill furniſh us with ſome refreſhing *Drops*: But here of Neceſſity we muſt either *Choak*, or drink *Poiſon*: Againſt theſe domeſtick Ills, we are not permitted to uſe foreign Remedies; We are obliged to continue *miſerable* by the Laws of our Religion; and to obey *Furies* and *Madmen*, not only out of *Fear*, but alſo for *Conſcience* Sake.

For which Cauſe, ſince the Perſons of Princes, *whatſoever they be*, ought to be inviolable and ſacred, and that the Characters of God's Finger makes an Impreſſion, which we are to reverence, on what Matter ſoever it be engraven; no Wonder, if Subjects turn all their Hatred againſt theſe *Flatterers*, which caſt them into thoſe Miſeries without Redemption: If they purſue, with all Manner of Execrations, theſe evil Councellors, which give them *Ill Princes*, which

which provoke Innocents to *Murther*, and good Natures to barbarous Cruelties: 'Tis their pernicious Advice, which occasions all fatal Resolutions. Their Maxims of *Fire* and *Blood* assure and fortify Malice, when it is as yet timorous and doubtful, they sharpen what cuts; they precipitate what is falling; they encourage the Violent to run after the Prey, they inflame the Desires of the Avaricious to invade their Peoples Goods, and those of the Lascivious to, *debauch* their Daughters and *ravish* their Wives.

But if they meet with Natures, which are not susceptible of those *strong Passions*, and which by their Complexions, are in an equal Degree distant from Vice and Virtue; if they light on those *soft Princes*, who are without Sting or Spirit, and have small Inclinations to great and mighty Evils, but rather propense to *Ease* and *Effeminate* Delights; such as divide their Time between the *Cup* and the *Bed*, and are more intent at the Theatre, than the Council Chamber. 'Tis still so much the worse for those People, who live under them, for abusing the Simplicity of their pliant Master; and taking the Advantage, which their Spirit hath over his; they themselves reign openly, and their unjust Dominion adds to the Weight of Tyranny, the Shame that occurs from suffering it from a particular private Person and Fellow Subject.

You cannot imagine the *Wiles* and *Artifices* they use to attain hereunto, and totally to subject to themselves the Prince. Their Method is, to spur him with Glory in the Establishment of their Fortune. They give him to understand through several *Trunks*, that his Predecessors,

who were nothing more powerful than He made ſome far greater *Creatures* of their own that 'tis more ſafe to raiſe up *new People*, who have no Dependance, and who ſhall only hold from his Majeſty, than to uſe Perſons of *ancient Birth*, and of known Probity, whoſe Affections and Party may be already made; That it concerns his *Honour*, not to leave his Works *Imperfect*, but to labour for their Embelliſhment, after he has eſtabliſhed their *Solidity*. That he ought to put them in a Condition, that they may not be ruin'd, but by themſelves. That if he yields to the Deſires of his *ancient Nobility* who will endure no Companions; or if he conſents to the Complaints and Petitions of his People, who are ever Enemies to all *Growing Greatneſs*; he will not for the Future have the Power to reward a Servant, or to gratify thoſe that oblige him. But muſt live a *Precarious King*, a meer Duke of *Venice*, a *Shadow* of *Royalty*, and be forc'd to call an Aſſembly of the *States*, to diſpoſe of the leaſt Office in the Kingdom; beſides, they repreſent, that he cannot abandon a a Perſon, who hath been ſo dear unto him, without condemning the Conduct of many Years, and rendering a publick Teſtimony either of paſt *Blindneſs* or preſent *Fickleneſs*. Nor wants this Argument its Force; for 'tis certain, that having begun to love any Object for the Love of it ſelf, Time preſently adds our own Intereſt to the Merit of the Thing, the Deſire that we have that all the World ſhould believe, that our Election was good, makes the Action of Neceſſity, which before was *voluntary*; ſo that what hath been done againſt Reaſon, being not to be

juſtify'd

juſtify'd, but by an *headſtrong Perſeverance*; we never think that we have done enough; and upon this fond Conceit, tho' never ſo much Reaſon be offer'd to diſcontinue our Affection, yet it ſeems, we are oblig'd, in Point of Honour, to defend our *Judgment*.

Now, if theſe *Temptations* can ſhake ſtable Minds, and ſometimes make Wiſe Men fail; we need not be aſtoniſh'd, if they eaſily overthrow *weak Princes*, who make uſe only of borrow'd Reaſon, and who will yield themſelves to be perſwaded by a very mean Eloquence, ſo it but ſuits with their already byaſs'd Inclination.

And when once a Prince is engag'd in the making of this Subject (whom as much without Merit, as beyond Meaſure he dotes upon) *Great*, He ſpeaks of him no more, but as his Enterprize, and the utmoſt Effort of his Prerogative and creative Power, and ſo goes on in a blind Zeal, till, without minding it, he even adores what he hath made; like the Statuaries of *Athens*, who from their own handy Work choſe their Gods; His Thoughts, which ſhould be employ'd for *Glory*, and the publick Good of his Realm, and have no other Object, but the Safety and Welfare of his People, are all at an End in this pitiful Deſign; in blowing up a gaudy Bubble of Honour, as vain and trivial, and yet no leſs *Gay*, than that which Children raiſe with a Quill from Water and Soap; he opens to him all his *Coffers*, and pours out Treaſures on him, as much in Deſpight of others, as to benefit him: And at laſt, when he he hath conferr'd on him all the Offices of the Kingdom, and

all

all the Ornaments of his Crown, and has nothing left to give him but his own Perſon, he ſurrenders that too with ſo abſolute and ſo total a Reſignation; that in the very *Monaſteries*, there is not an Example of a Will more ſubjected and more perfectly renouncing it ſelf.

Hence forwards he appears not at *Council*, but when his Preſence is neceſſary to authorize ſome extravagant prereſolv'd Deſign; in the Debate of which he never bore a Part; and is content to ſhew himſelf for no other Purpoſe, but to juſtify, what thoſe that adviſed him to it, are both *afraid* and *aſhamed* to own; he is amuſed with petty Divertiſements, unworthy of his *Condition* and of his *Age*, They take from about him all, that dare ſpeak *Truth*; they ruin under ſeveral Pretences, all that's *Eminent* and *Virtuous* in the State, and he imagins, becauſe they tell him ſo, that all this is abſolutely *neceſſary for his Service*, and the Support of his Government; thus *Seneca* muſt be *butcher'd* before *Nero* could turn perfect Monſter, and *Boetius* baniſh'd by *Theodoricus*, at the Perſwaſion of his three fatal Favourites, becauſe that good and wiſe Stateſman was an Obſtacle to their lewd Deſigns.

To ruin honeſt *Patriots*, that would ſtop the unhappy Torrent, Slanders are raiſed, and Calumnies advanced, and falſe Informations encouraged, they are ſeized, on general Rumours without ſpecifying their Crime, and condemn'd unheard as Enemies to *Religion* and *State*: Thoſe that are rich and peaceable, are entrap'd by *Informers*, and penal Edicts let looſe upon them: Thoſe whoſe *paſt Services* and undoubted *Loyalty* maintain them in repute, and whoſe *Fidelity* is

without

without Reproach, are employ'd in chargeable, or put into hazardous Attempts, and ungrateful Offices; either that they may loſe their *Reputation* or *themſelves*. Some are driven away by an abſolute Command to retire, others Honourably *baniſh'd* by an Embaſſy; and in the Room of all theſe, the ambitious *domineering Cabal* place Perſons at their own Devotion, who never look farther than their Benefactors, and ſtop at the next Cauſe of their Fortune; and therefore ſtudy to ſerve and advance their Intereſts, who raiſed them, not the Princes, tho' ſtill they call themſelves his Servants, and would be thought the greateſt *Zealots* for his Honour:

Thus may an *unfortunate Prince*, come to be at the Mercy and Diſcretion of his *Favourite*; he ſhall not caſt a Look, but preſently a Spy renders the other an Account; nor utter one Word, but what is told him again; ſo that in the Midſt of his own Court, and amonſt all his *Guards*, he ſhall be inviron'd with none but *Savages*, that prey upon him; not having one *faithful Tongue* about him, that dare truly repreſent his Peoples Sufferings; nor one honeſt *Ear*, to whom he may tell his own: Beſides, he quickly becomes ſo far engaged, that there is no Way for him to releaſe himſelf, the other making all the World his *real* Enemies, or ſuſpected for ſuch, that he may have none but him to truſt: And by having long had the Poſſeſſion of Affairs, which he communicates with none, he alone underſtanding all, and knowing the *State*, he at laſt becomes a *neceſſary Evil*, which

which neither can the Prince be cured of, but by a dangerous Remedy.

After this Manner, in an abſolute *Peace*, being at Amity with his Neighbours, no foreign Enemy appearing on the *Frontiers*, without ſtriking a Stroke, or having ventured farther than from the *Palace* to the *Theatre*, may a Prince inſenſibly fall into another *Man's Power*, which next to the Defeat of an Army, is the worſt Thing that could happen; and to ſpeak home, the Battle of *Pavia* was not ſo fatal to *Francis* the firſt, nor the taking of *Rome* to Pope *Clement* the ſeventh; for if their *Diſgrace* was great it was not *voluntary*; if they loſt their Liberty, they in their Afflictions preſerv'd the Glory of their *Courage*; and if they were taken *Priſoners*, 'twas by a great Emperor, who was their Enemy, and not by one of their *petty Subjects*: There is no Captivity ſo miſerable, ſo baſe, nor ſo infamous, as that of a Prince, who ſuffers himſelf to be *ſhackled* in his Cabinet, and by one of his own; he can never exerciſe a more cowardly Patience, nor be more ſhamefully happay: Suppoſe a King ſhould eat his People to the very Bones, and live in his own State as in an Enemy's Country, he would not ſo far eſtrange himſelf from the Duty of his Place, as when he obeys another; there is, 'tis true, a vaſt Difference betwixt *Tyranny* and *Royalty*; yet the former reſembles the latter a great deal more than *Servitude*. It's at leaſt ſome Kind of Government, and one Way of commanding Men, although a very ill one. But for a Sovereign to give up himſelf as a Prey to three or four *petty Fellows*, in the Knowledge and Conduct

duct of all his Affairs; certainly there cannot be a more miſerable *Interregnum*, than ſuch a Prince's Life; during which he doth *nothing*, and yet doth all thoſe Evils, which may happen to the People.

In this Condition he is civilly dead, and hath as it were, *depoſed* himſelf; it is only his Effigies, which is uſed in Publick; which, out of Cuſtom, and for a Show, hath ſome Homages paid, and uſeleſs *Congees* made to it. But in Effect, Royalty is forſaken, and Favour only courted, and a civil Idolatry committed; for as ſome *ſuperſtitious Bigots* ſay ten *Ave-Maria's* to one *Pater-Noſter*, and call an hundred Times oftner upon St. *Francis*, than on our Saviour; ſo in this Caſe, where one addreſſes himſelf to the King, forty Suiters apply themſelves to the Favourite; for indeed to go to the Prince without his Mediation would be a certain Courſe to *ſpoil your Buſineſs*, though never ſo juſt in it ſelf, or advantageous to the Publick.

What a brave Thing it was in former Times, to ſee a King of *Caſtile*, who durſt not walk abroad, nor put on a new *Suit*, without the Permiſſion of *Alvarez de Luna*; all Favours which others demanded of his Majeſty, he himſelf was obliged to obtain from him. The moſt he could do, was to recommend their Petitions to his Favourite, and to do good Offices with him for thoſe whom he loved. How prepoſterous would it be to ſee ſuch a Courtier as he was; who revoked the Elections of his Prince, turn'd thoſe out of their Places, to whom his Maſter had granted them, nay proceeded to that Height of Inſolence, that he took it very ill, that his Ma-

ster should once in his Life offer to read a Paper, which he presented him to Sign; and complain'd, that this was to upbraid his Fidelity, and forget his past Services.

But there are *She-Favourites* as well as *Bearded Ones*; and tho' this be the *Weaker Sex*, yet both their *Passions* and *Enchantments* are the stronger of the two. *Hercules* and *Achilles* were not the only *Heroes* that truckled to the Distaff: *Love* has often govern'd the *Politicks*, and the Fortune of a whole Kingdom become the Pastime of a *Debauched Woman*; for it's too true, that such Persons have strangely derided the Authority of the Laws, and the Majesty of Empire; more than once, they have trampled under Foot Crowns and Scepters; they have taken Pleasure, and sported themselves with the Violation of Justice, and Gloried in their cruel Pride, in afflicting and rendring Human-kind miserable: 'Tis not long, since there appear'd one of these *Heroina's*, who was risen to so high a Degree of *Insolency*, that having been sollicited about a certain Affair, which had been represented unto her, as *just and facile* to be done, that she might the more *willingly Imploy* her self therein; she answered, with a Fierceness worthy of her Sex and Profession, *That she used not her Credit so lavishly; that another might serve in so slight* an Occasion, *to do just and possible Things*; for her part, she accustomed her self only to undertake those, which were Unjust and Impossible.

How many Mischiefs do you think follow such an one, how many Violences are committed under the Shadow of these fatal overgrown Medlers?

Medlers? Such a *puffed up Sycophant* hath oft a Groom or a Lackey, who believes it not to be his Right and Priviledge, to abuse at his Pleasure any other Subject, and by alledging only, that he belongs to such a great Minion, commits all Outrages with Impunity, affronts Justice, and dares tell you to your Teeth, after he has cheated and abused you never so grievously, that you are obliged and ought to thank him for his Civility, that he did not Murther you.

All this while, you will say, what is this to the Prince? And yet with all Deference be it spoken, he cannot be said to be wholly Innocent of the Miscarriages: His Ignorance is not Unblameable, his Patience Heroick is not Virtue; and the Disorders, which either he knows not of, or which he suffers, are imputed to him before God, even as if himself had done them; and therefore that Prince, who was (according to God's own Heart) in express Terms desires him, and that in the Fervency of his most ardent Prayers, that he would *cleanse him from secret Faults, and acquit him from the Sins of others*; which last Word intimates, that Kings ought not to content themselves with a personal Innocency; that it is not enough for them to be Just, if they lose themselves, and destroy their People by the Injustice of their Ministers; which becomes their own, because they tolerate it, and Countenance it, by Conniving and not Punishing it with Severity. *Qui non prohibet, quum potest, Jubet.*

Not to multiply Examples: Can King *Ahasuerus* be justified, who in a Moment abandoned to the Vengeance of a pernicious *Haman*, so many thousand innocent Lives, and those too of the *Select People of God*, without inquiring into their Crimes, or making any Reflection on what he granted: He had doubtless no bloody Design, nor any Imagination, whither that inhuman Commission, he so readily deliver'd with his *Royal Signet*, would tend; and his ordinary Idleness, or over Conceit of the Justice and Prudence of his Favourite, suffer'd him not to take any further Cognizance of it, which rendred him *doubly Culpable*, to permit so many Murthers, and yet to be ignorant of it. For so, no less Wittily, than Judiciously, *Seneca* brings in *Claudius* in the other World, and some Men reproaching him with Abundance of Murthers, done under his Name, who pleaded not Guilty, and protested he did not so much as know what they meant, nor ever heard of those Sufferers Names before, upon which the Ghost of *Augustus* rose up, and said, *Thou Miscreant, we talk not here of the Slaughters thou hast committed, but of those thou hast not known: For it is a more shameful thing in a King to be Ignorant of the Evil that passes in his Kingdom, than to act it. Turpius ignorasti, quam occidisti.*

Great Events are not always produced by great Causes. The Springs are hid, which move these vast Machines of State, that externally appear, and when those Springs happen to be truly discover'd, we are astonish'd to see them so small and so weak; and half asham'd of

of the high Opinion we had before conceived of them. A Fit of Jealousy in an amourous Intrigue between two particular Persons, hath more than once been the Cause of a general War. A little reflective Joak utter'd in a gay Humour, an Affront to a Page, a Whisper and a Nod, a Tale told at the King's going to Bed, is in Appearance nothing; and yet this Nothing, hath been the Beginning of Tragedies, wherein a Sea of Blood hath been shed, and an Hundred Heads made fly. 'Tis but a Cloud, which passes, a small Stain in the Corner of the Air, which vanishes rather than abides; and yet 'tis this light Vapour, this almost imperceptible Cloud, which raiseth the most fatal Tempests, which shake almost the Foundations of the Earth. The People, whenever War is proclaimed, think it their Sovereign's Interest; that 'tis to Revenge some insufferable Affronts, or have Reparations of vast Damages sustain'd; that 'tis to prevent an Invasion, or secure their Tranquility, to encrease Traffick, or force by Arms the necessary Conveniences of Peace: When in Truth, perhaps all this Bustle and Hazard, this Blood and Treasure consum'd, proceeds only from the Capricio's of two or three Pensionary Courtiers, that are content to hazard the Ruin of their own Master and Country, to advance the Designs of some powerful Neighbour, that Under-hand feeds them with Gold; or from some other unthought of Whim, if not altogether so Base, more Ridiculous.

I

I doubt not, but the mighty *Xerxes* made most ſpecious Pretences to juſtify his Arms, when he made his Inroad upon *Greece*, and his *Manifeſto's* told Wonders of his Intentions; he had receiv'd (I'll warrant you) Injuries, which he was bound to chaſtiſe; and had a *Right*, which he was oblig'd to aſſert; ſo that he could not without Diminution to his Glory, refrain the Expedition; he forgot not to tell them, that he labour'd for the *Repoſe* of the World, and to unite *Europe* with *Aſia*; that he, the mighty Monarch of the *Eaſt*, came to chaſtiſe the *petty Tyrants*, and that he came purely out of Compaſſion to the People, and offer'd them a rich, glorious Liberty, inſtead of a poor and ſhameful Servitude; There is no doubt but he falſified his Deſign ſeveral Ways; and perhaps ſwore, that it was immediately inſpir'd him from the Immortal Gods, and that the *Sun* himſelf was the Author of his *March*; yet notwithſtanding all this Parade and Colours of Juſtice and Religion, the Bottom of the Buſineſs was in Truth only this, a *Greek Phyſician*, the Queen's Domeſtick, having a Mind to review the Port of *Pyraum*, and taſte the *Figs* of *Athens*, put this Fancy of War into his Miſtreſs's Head, and got her to engage her Husband in the Attempt. So that the King of Kings, the Puiſſant, Redoubtable *Xerxes*, raiſed an Army of three hundred thouſand Combatants, levell'd the Mountains, drank up Rivers, and ovenburthen'd the Sea, *&c.* only to bring back a *Mountebank* into his own Country. Surely, ſurely, the *Quack* might have gone the Journey with leſs Expence and a ſmaller Equipage.

The

The Greek History affords us another notable Example in the Kingdom of *Macedonia*. Long before the Birth of King *Philip*, there happend a famous Conspiracy, which of one State made two, and divided the Court, the Towns and the Families, upon the most trivial Occasion imaginable; one *Meleager*, Governor of a Frontier-Town, and General of the Cavalry, having a handsome Wife, and withall so good natur'd, as seldom suffer'd any of her Lovers to die of Despair. The King hearing of her Beauty and Gallantry, had a Mind to give her a Visit in private, but finding her no such exquisite Beauty, as Fame had represented her to his Fancy, he at first Sight betray'd his Disgust, and presently went away in a Huff; which Affront our stately Dame, (who had no ill Opinion of her own Merit) resented so briskly, that from that very Hour she vow'd Revenge: And not being able to effect it better, than by corrupting her Husband's Fidelity, and debauching him from the Service of his Master; she employ'd all her Charms to that Purpose; till at last, by the continual Croakings of this *Night Raven*, the poor Man had lost his Reason, and forgot his Duty; and by this Bosom *Cockatrice* became so impoison'd, that he quitted the Service of his King, and imbark'd himself in the Party of a Tyrant, without knowing truly, what Motion drove him, nor what Passion he reveng'd; he acted a Part he understood not, and was but his *Wife's Soldier*, when he thought he was the Head of the Revolt.

'Tis

'Tis undoubtedly a Truth, that Kings cannot Reign without Miniſters; and ſcarce leſs Certain, that they cannot live without *Favourites*: The wiſeſt Princes in the World, the *Auguſtuſſes* and the *Antonines*, the *Conſtantines*, and the *Theodoſiuſſes*, if they ſhould revive, would once again, as well as formerly, give Teſtimonies of human Affection, and might with Reaſon love one Man (*cæteris paribus*) rather than another; For Virtue is not ſo auſtere and ſavage as to deſtroy *Nature*, nor do the Politicks oblige a Prince to diveſt himſelf of Humanity; His Motions need only be juſt and well regulated; Let him ſhew his Bounty and his Kindneſs to particular Perſons, let him enjoy his Diverſions, his Complaiſances, and his Friendſhips too; but ſtill it were to be wiſh'd he would obſerve a Proportion and Meaſure in the Diſtribution of his Favours. Let not *Nero* make his Horſe a *Conſul*, nor every *Fidler* a Miniſter of State; Let not a mighty Monarch debauch Nobility, (the Skreen of Majeſty) by conferring Honours on the Sons of Earth, and little People, as void of Quality as Merit; Let him not encourage Villany by Preferments, the proper Dowry of Virtue; nor impoveriſh the Publick to make one Man unmeaſurably rich. Let there be a Man (the Dictates both of Religion and Reaſon allow it) who is the Prince's Confident, and on whom he may like the Sun, more peculiarly dart down his Beams, but let there not be any, who Day and Night beſiegeth the King, who by a violent Uſurpation (the moſt abhorrible Monopoly in Nature (appropriates him to himſelf: For he

who

who *impales* a Good, which ought to belong to the publick; attempts the ſame *Injuſtice*, as if he hid the *Sun* from all the World.

There is nothing that recommends a Prince's *Judgment*, or that is of more Importance to his *Safety*, than a diſcreet *Choice* of his Miniſters; a Man cannot conduct a *Boat*, nor guide a *Chariot*, nor manage an *Horſe*, without making uſe of Addreſs and Method, and ſhall thoſe, who are to direct Mankind, jump into the Imploy, without any preparatory Diſcipline? We come to the Knowledge of Affairs, and the Dexterity of ordering them, by *Experience* and *Reaſon*; a *Place* does not preſently make a Man wiſer than he was before; nor are we to expect *Revelations*, nor think Heaven obliged to endow a Prince's Miniſters with the *Spirit of well governing*, and render his precipitate Election valid and *ſucceſsful* by a ſudden Illumination: Courtiers are the *Matter*, and the Prince is the *Artiſt*, who can eaſily render this Matter *fairer*, but not better than it is; he can add to it Colours and Shape on the Outſide, but cannot give it any interior Goodneſs. He can beſtow the *Office* and the *Title*, but he cannot confer *Qualifications*; the Knowledge of Things paſt, the Penetration into Things to come: That Light which diſembroils the Intrigues of the Court, the Science of making War, and the Dexterity of treating Peace. In a Word, he may make an *Idol*, but he can neither make a *Spirit* of it, nor an *Able-Man*.

Yet even in Chriſtendom *ſuch Idols* are to be ſeen; there have been always unworthy Perſons happy; *Monkeys* careſſed in Kings Cabinets and

apparell'd in *Cloth of Gold*: There often Happens an Authority, which is *blind and dumb*, which neither knows nor underſtands, which appears only and dazzles; *pure refined* Authority you may call it, for it has not any Mixture of *Virtue* or *Reaſon*. There are Grandees, who are only remarkable by their *Greatneſs*, and their Greatneſs is all without them: They reſemble certain *fruitleſs Mountains* in ſome Parts of the World, which produce neither *Herb*, nor *Plant*, they ſeem to touch Heaven with their ſtately Tops, yet ſerve the Earth for no Uſe, and therefore their Sterility makes their Height *accurſed*.

Princes therefore ſhould make a ſtrict Inquiry into the Abilities and Virtues of thoſe they Imploy; they ſhould not ſuffer themſelves to be led by *Occaſion*, but take for their Inſtruments ſuch as are able, not ſuch as *ſtand next*, or firſt *offer* themſelves; wherein too, they ſhould regard not only a general *Sufficiency*, but a particular Fitneſs for diſcharging thoſe Charges, in which they place them; they muſt not think an expert *Soldier*, that hath ſignalized himſelf in divers Battles, is therefore qualified to be ſent on an *Embaſſy*; nor make an old *Prodigal* Lord, Treaſurer, and ſubmit the *Exchequer* to his Diſpoſe, becauſe having in his Youth profus'd away all his own Eſtate, he now ſpeaks admirably well of *Frugality*.

Nor ſhould a Prince preſently thruſt into his *Council* all thoſe, whoſe *Converſation* is grateful to him; we ought to make a Difference betwixt Perſons who *delight* us, and thoſe who are *profitable* to us; betwixt the Recreations of the Mind,

Mind, and the *Neceſſities* of the State; and if a Sovereign take not ſpecial Care in this *Examen*, he will commit irremediable Errors; and ſuch whereby he may render not only his *own Reign* miſerable, but alſo his Memory accurſed, and reproach'd in Ages to come. He therefore ought not to follow his own *private* Affections or Inclinations, but abandon all *Capricio*'s and Fantaſies in this Matter: Let him in other Things ſport and divert himſelf as he pleaſeth, but in a Choice of ſo high Concernment, he muſt uſe the *Severity of his Judgment*, and at firſt bring with him an *Indifferency of Will*; It ought to be a pure *Operation of Reaſon*, freed and diſpoil'd of *Love* or *Hate*.

For the Miſchiefs ariſing from ill Miniſters are no leſs fatal, than *various*, part of which we have already recounted, and to ſum them up all, is almoſt as difficult as to prevent them. If they are *ignorant*, they ruin the *State*, their *Maſter* and *themſelves*, by their Weakneſs; if they are *falſe* and *treacherous*, they ſet the *Publick* to *Sale*, and betray its *Intereſt* for *Money*: If they are Men of *ill Principles*, they blow up their *Prince* to *Vanity* by *Flatteries*, and baniſh Truth from the Palace; they put him upon extravagant Deſigns, or endeavour to drown him in Voluptuouſneſs; they exhauſt the Royal *Treaſury* by their Profuſeneſs, and ſtrip poor People to the very Skin to feed their inſatiable *Avarice*; they rob the Prince of his nobleſt and moſt ſtable *Throne*, the *Hearts of his Subjects*, by creating Fears and mutual Jealouſies between them; and whilſt with vain Pretences and Endeavours, no leſs impracticable than *unjuſt*,

they would ſeem to make him more abſolute than his Forefathers, they render him leſs conſiderable at Home, and conſequently leſs *rever'd* Abroad, than any of his Anceſtors, they manage Affairs according to their private *Fancies*, and hate *publick Councils*; having commited Extravagancies that render them liable to Juſtice, the reſt of their Life is ſpent, not to ſerve their Maſter, but to *ſave their own Necks*; ſo that in their following Councils they conſult not his *Advantage*, but their *own Defence*, and make his Intereſt ſtoop to their Conveniencies; what care they how much the People be provok'd, they had rather their Country ſhould be involv'd in all the Miſeries and Deſolations of a *Civil War*, or be made a Prey to a *Foreign Invader*, than they themſelves brought to an Account before an *Impartial Tribunal*; ſince in the *firſt* Caſe, they hope to ſhift amonſt the *Croud*, but in the *ſecond*, can expect nothing but certain Ruin, for their *conſcious Fears* preſage what will happen; they know well enough the *Ills* they have done muſt be defended with greater, and if the *Law* live, they muſt die; wherefore theſe being their Courſes, and that the *Plague* cauſes not ſo great a Deſolation, as one of theſe *accurſed Favourites*, it might be wiſh'd, that this Prayer might be added to all the publick Litanies of Chriſtians; *Lord turn away from all States an Evil, which is the Cauſe of ſo many other Evils: Deny not Sovereign Princes the Spirit of Conduct, which is fit for them to govern by: Give them Underſtanding enough to counſel themſelves well, and to chuſe their Counſellors as they ought.*

To

To conclude, as the first Advances of *Ill-Court-Favourites* are commonly *base* and *shameful*, their Progress *vile*, wicked and destructive; their short Continuances attended with Hazards and Anxieties, so their *Eclipses* are ever more fatal, and their Falls desperate; they are generally surpriz'd with Ruin, and their Defeat is like that of *forlorn Troops*, cut in Pieces before they can rally, or be reinforc'd. Private Men oftentimes fall upon their *Legs* and find Friends to relieve, at least to *commiserate* them; and *Bankrupt* Merchants are daily seen to rise again like *Phœnixes* out of their own Dust; but with *Courtiers* and *Statesmen* there are no Degrees of Misfortune; those *Ladders* they clamber'd up with so much Sweat, Address and Difficulty, upon the smallest Misstep, serve but to render their Precipitation more notorious; when they are hurl'd down from all those *bubled Glories*, their best Comfort is, not to *survive* their Destiny, and their greatest Misery is, when they outlive themselves, to see their Families buried in their Ruins, and all the Advantages of their Honour and Fortune turn'd against them, like an Army dissipated with the Fury of its own *Cannon*; then too late, they find themselves forsaken of all those *Alliances*, which they had with so much Subtilty contracted, vainly imagining to have laid a Foundation of everlasting Greatness: Their *Cobweb Policies* are unravell'd in a Moment; for no sooner do they begin to decline, but their most *oblig'd Creatures* shun them most, and, like *Haman*'s Wife, are the *first Harbingers* of their Ruin. Those that were *raised* by their

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Countenance, not daring to own any Love or Honour to their Perſons, leſt they ſhould be involv'd in their Ruin, by being at laſt ſuſpected, as concern'd in their Crimes; their own *Servants* conclude it but *Juſtice*, as well as *Prudence*, to expoſe their Faults; their *Enemies* triumph over them, and even their Friends think it Charity enough to afford them an inſulting *Pity*; and the *People*, who with Reaſon univerſally hated, but *feared* them *before*, are now privileg'd to *curſe* them; nay, the Prince himſelf, in whoſe Service perhaps they wounded their *Conſciences*, and for whoſe Pleaſures they *bleed*, uſes them but as the *Skreen of Envy*, and hoping with their Ruin to gratify *many*, and pleaſe *all*, gives them up, when he cannot in Prudence longer *ſupport* them, as a *propitiatory Sacrifice* to the enrag'd Multitude, and becomes as inexorable to their *Petitions*, as they had been formerly to the more *juſt Requeſts* of others in Diſtreſs.

In fine, having long ſince forfeited their *Innocency* (the ſweet Retreat of oppreſs'd Virtue) they at laſt find no *Sanctuary* ſufficient to protect them, but are precipitated out of the *World* loaded with *Guilt* and *Shame*, and the *Ruins* of *Nations*, and the *Deſtruction* of their *Maſters*, and the *Execrations* of all Mankind.

F I N I S.